Safe Haven

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Safe Haven

by Bad_Wolf_Rising

Summary

Will clicks his tongue. “Feisty thing.” He sits back, digs in a duffle bag by his chair. He takes out a black leather muzzle. Hannibal backs away immediately. “Oh, no you don’t.” Will grips Hannibal’s hair. “I told you before that I won’t tolerate aggressive behavior.“

Will Graham is the country’s top Alpha trainer.

Hannibal Lecter is a feral alpha with a past history of abuse. He trusts no one, but Will…he’s not quite like the omegas Hannibal has met before. Could Will be his forever home?

Notes

Originally written as a thread for @thegayprofiler on twitter!

Chapter 1

“A gorgeous alpha you are. People say you are untrainable.”

Hannibal’s lip curls up into a snarl. The omega in front of him is relaxed and calm, and absolutely sure of himself. The omega—his new owner, Will—has no fear as he approaches Hannibal despite his warning growls. Will’s not afraid, and Hannibal doesn’t like that. Will crouches down to look him in his eyes.

“I don’t believe that’s true.”

“Neither did the others, but what happened to them?” Hannibal says with a smirk.

Will clicks his tongue. “I’ve got my own skeletons in the backyard, Hannibal. You can’t threaten me. But for now, I’ll let you get acclimated to the house. You’re free to roam and rummage through things.”

Will circles around Hannibal, kneels down to untie the ropes that bound his arms behind his back. Hannibal thought about turning around and attacking. How strong could this omega be?

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It turns out Will is very capable of handling himself. Will’s being gentle with him—a little too gentle. To Hannibal, it has bad intentions written all over it. When Will goes to pet Hannibal, he snaps. Will’s reflexes are quick. He grabs Hannibal’s jaw with a strong grip.

“We’re not doing that, Hannibal,” he says, low but firm. He tilts Hannibal’s head down slightly so it forces him to look up at him.

Hannibal glares up at Will, but the look goes ignored as Will resumes to pet him. Hannibal tries to lean away from the touch, but he just can’t escape it. His hands are in his hair, on his face, the back of his neck. Hannibal’s lip curls up in a snarl and again, he tries to sink his teeth into Will’s hand, but Will’s faster.

Will clicks his tongue. “Feisty thing.” He sits back, digs in a duffle bag by his chair. He takes out a black leather muzzle. Hannibal backs away immediately. “Oh, no you don’t.” Will grips Hannibal’s hair. “I told you before that I won’t tolerate aggressive behavior.

Hannibal’s not happy as the muzzle was pressed to his face. Will uses his knee to keep it in place as he adjusts the three straps. He is going to kill this omega, one way or another, but Will is unyielding. He can just see the outlines of the strap between his eyes and the seam across his nose. He huffs.

Will traces the outline of his nose before grabbing his chin. He lifts Hannibal’s head, leans in and scents him. He nuzzles into his neck. Hannibal leans away, but it doesn’t stop Will from moving with him. He lets out the softest rumble of a purr. It’s a very brief sound because Will sits up and plops back in his chair to look over him.

Hannibal is left kneeling on the floor in shock. He's never heard an omega purr around him before. Will tilts his head.

"We're done here for now. You're free to go, no Hannibal."

Hannibal shifts so his back is to Will. He's first untied, then the muzzle is unbuckled. Will uses his bare foot to give him a light nudge. Hannibal moves—he's found a spare room upstairs. He's quiet and doesn't smell strictly of Will. It's full of books, spare motor parts. He sits in the middle of the floor.

Will is unlike any omega he's seen before. The omegas that kept him before had little care if he liked them or not. He has never gotten time to acclimate into a new home before he was simply used for breeding. Hannibal usually resisted training, simply because it was fun to watch the omegas grow frustrated with him. He's been abused for so long, truly, he doesn't know how he should respond to Will and his soft pets and gentle touches. He's patient with Hannibal, but it's only the first day. Will's patience just might wear thin.

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Hannibal's not happy at all. He's got that damn muzzle on. He is kneeling in front of Will. He's being touched again, petted, stroked. Fingers curl into his chest hair. He's expecting to feel a tug, but he doesn't. Will is inching closer and closer. A hand finds its way into Hannibal's hair, tugs his head down toward Will's neck.

"Scent me, Hannibal," Will says firmly, but it's not harsh.

Hannibal growls and snatches his head away. He doesn't *want* to. He's been let down enough in his lifetime. It's never the *right* omega for him, so why should he bother. Will catches his head again.

"We're not doing that. We're gonna be a good boy."

We're. Will seems to think he is part of Hannibal. He's not. Hannibal decides what *he's* going to do. He's tense as Will tangles his fingers in his hair and forcibly pulls him down until his face is nestled in the side of his neck. Will is lucky Hannibal has the muzzle on because otherwise he would have ripped his jugular out. Will's strong. Despite the fight he put up, Will keeps him in place, nose pressed in the crook of his neck. Hannibal decided to defiantly hold his breath.

"Such a child," Will murmurs, cradling the back of his head. He tucks a strand of hair behind his ear. With his other hand, Will gently scratches his back.

Before Hannibal could stop the sound, a very brief, very soft purr leaves him. He relaxes just a bit.

"Good boy," Will praises softly gently scratching his scalp.

He might as well get the let-down over with. He releases the breath he's been hold, and he tentatively scents Will. Hannibal is shocked by just how instantly he melts into him. Will

praises him as he noses his neck. Hannibal finds himself drawn in. Will's scent is woodsy, deep and addicting. Hannibal shifts just a little closer. In turn, Will scents him as well. It's—it's nice.

Will shows no sign of bad intention. It's the first time Hannibal feels comfortable around an omega, feels good enough to let his guard down. Will is soothing him. Hannibal yawns softly. Christ, what is happening to him?

Will unbuckles the muzzle, lifts Hannibal's head to take it off. He unties his arms.

"Despite your aggressive behavior earlier, you've been good. You're free to go. You can nap in my bed or the couch. If you want to be all big and bad and tough, you need some sleep," he says with a smile. "You didn't sleep at all last night, and I highly doubt you slept very well beforehand either." Will strokes his cheek before shooing him off. "I'm getting a shower. I'll be back."

Hannibal moves out of Will's way as he heads to the bathroom. He listens to the shower run. He can take a quick little power nap and wake before Will comes in. He crawls up on the couch, stretches out. Will's scent envelopes him in a calm haze. It doesn't take long for him to fall asleep.

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Hannibal wakes to the soft sound of purring. Will's sprawled out on top of him. He's nuzzled into his neck, nose pressed against his scent gland. His fingertips knead his chest. Will is nearly asleep on top of him. Hannibal turns his head, nose into his curls. Will smells of light rain with an underlying floral scent. It's not bad. He could get used to it, he thinks as he scents the omega. He glances at the wall clock. It's two o' clock. Judging by the darkness outside. It's early in the morning.

"You're awake," Will murmurs. His fingers comb through his chest fur. "We've plans for later in the day."

Hannibal blinks. "We?"

"Yes, we. There's shopping to be done. I will not break my routine. I'm a stickler for routine, actually. Soon we will be establishing routine around the house the more you acclimate."

Will sound so sure of himself. If this omega thinks he's going out in public with him, he's sorely mistaken. But it's too early to argue, and Will is warm and comforting on top of him. He's mouthing at his neck now, just below his ear. Hannibal tries pushing him away, just a gentle nudge at first because *what are you thinking, why are your teeth scraping my neck—*

Will doesn't budge and now Hannibal wants up. Instead of another careful nudge, he shoved Will off of him and onto the floor with a growl. Will doesn't respond the way Hannibal thought he would, instead, he climbs right back on top of him, looms over him in a way that shuts him up real quick.

For an omega, Will really puts out alpha energy. It is unnerving as it is…attractive, dare he thinks. Will physically takes up very little space, but his dominance fills the whole house.

“Don’t challenge me, Hannibal. It will not end well for you.”

Hannibal’s lip curls up in a snarl. He does. He wants to challenge Will, to prove that it’s *him* in charge, that Will will never control him fully.

“What are you going to do? Muzzle me again?”

“Don’t go down that pathway. I mean it.” Will’s tone is a clear warning, a warning that Hannibal very clearly chooses to ignore.

Hannibal shoves him off and lunges at Will before he has the chance to retaliate. He pins Will to the floor by his wrists and his weight on top of him, teeth bared. He’s growling and Will does not seem the least bit intimidated. If anything, he looks bored.

He doesn’t understand. Calmly, Will speaks. “Let me go, Hannibal. Now.”

Hannibal doesn’t immediately let go, but when Will’s fingers twitch and flex, there’s a searing heat burning the back of his hands. Will digs his claws in. His facial expression doesn’t change. He just lays there as Hannibal tries to fight the urge to let go, to ignore the pain. Will’s fingers flex again. He grunts and yanks his hands away, shaking them as if he can simply shake away the pain. Will grabs him by the throat. His grip is tight as he sits up and slides from underneath the alpha. For the past two days, those pretty blue eyes have been soft and gentle, but not now. They are hard, angry. Will stands, forces Hannibal up. Will doesn’t allow him to stand his full height, makes him keep his knees bent. With bloody hands, Hannibal reaches up to try and pry his hand from around his neck.

“Is that what you want? You wanna fight me? Wanna show me you’re tough and big shit? Well, let’s fight, then, Hannibal.” Will pushes him towards the front door. “Come on! You wanna challenge me so bad, challenge me again! Come on, let’s go!” He opens the door, shoves Hannibal out onto the porch.

Hannibal’s getting *pissed* now. He snarls as Will goes to push him again. Will’s cocky now. Or so Hannibal thinks, anyway. Will’s got him in the enormous open space that was his front yard.

“Show me how tough you are!”

Hannibal charges Will, takes a swing, but Will catches him, pulls him to land a knee to his stomach before pushing him back. He charges again. Hannibal was growing frustrated the longer he tried. Will took no damage while he…well Hannibal couldn’t dodge any of Will’s hits. His breaking point was the elbow to his nose. Hannibal growls, but turns his head, looking away when Will bucks at him. Hannibal kneels a few feet away from Will. He’s sore and out of breath while Will walks towards him, stands in front of him, not a hair out of place, not a bruise, scrape, or cut anywhere except his knuckles from landing several of his hits. Will didn’t hold back either. Hannibal felt the full power packed in that small body.

Will grabs Hannibal's jaw and forces him to look up at him. In the pale moonlight, his eye are bright, but still hard, but his voice betrays his eyes. It's soft and gentle when he speaks.

"How are you supposed to protect your omega when they're in heat if you can't control your rage enough to focus? Hm? How are you gonna protect your pups?" he asks, and it's a genuine question. Will let go of his chin to grab his silver hair, holding his head back by it. "Riddle me that, Hannibal."

Hannibal doesn't have an answer. He grows quiet as he thinks about Will's words. His hair is let go and the omega steps to the side.

"Inside. And don't you ever challenge me again."

Hannibal stands and heads inside obediently. Will truly is a unique omega. He's never been put in his place this way before. He's been whipped and beaten, and whereas he did get his ass handed to him, it was different. It doesn't feel like the abuse he's taken before. No, it is a form of discipline, a power play, to show who here is truly dominant.

And that is Will. And he will just have to accept that.

He kneels on the floor by Will's chair while Will tends to his new war wounds.

"Did we learn something today, Kitten?" Will asks.

Hannibal's shocked by the nickname, darks eyes turning up to look into Will's dazzling blue eyes. They've softened some. There's still an edge to them, like a mountain peak, Hannibal still sees a bit of anger. He feels heat radiate from Will's body, bristling like a fire. His instinct tells him to soothe his— *the* —omega. He follows his instinct. Despite the stinging the alcohol wipes cause, he rumbles a gentle purr. It's a soft sound that even he can barely hear.

"I apologize for my poor behavior…" he murmured softly.

"It was very poor, indeed," Will says, but it's not harsh. "Don't ever do that again. I will fuck you up every time. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good, Kitten. Now. To your crate. I don't trust you out right now."

Hannibal crawls into his crate set up by the bed on Will's side. Will closes him inside and goes to settle for bed.

Hannibal doesn't sleep. He thinks about Will's words instead.

Chapter 2

Bright rays of sunlight stream through the window. It's blinding, annoying. Hannibal doesn't remember falling asleep. He stretches out, but he freezes. Despite having the largest crate sold, Hannibal could not stretch out his full length like he just does. He becomes aware of warmth pressed against his back, of soft purring. Hannibal nearly flies up, but he carefully sits up and rolls out of bed so as to not disturb his sleeping owner. How did he ends up in bed? He remembers lying awake, staring into the darkness of the living room through the metal bars of his cage, remembers thinking about his behavior last night, how his head had been filled with rage for no reason other than spite.

Hannibal looks over Will. Instead of a sheet or blanket, he's wrapped in a towel. Curls stuck to his forehead with sweat. He kneels down to study his crate. The door is bent and the top latch is broken. He vaguely scents distressed omega, vaguely scents his own distress. After getting his ass handed to him, he doesn't want to be in trouble.

It takes a moment to realize that he is distressed now. He sits in front of his crate. Something had been wrong with Will. His instincts must have taken over. He's startled when fingers began to comb through his hair.

"I don't know how I got out…" Hannibal murmurs and he flinches away from Will's touch, but the omega draws him in with his soothing scent and gentle touches.

"You partially broke out and then I let you out. I was having night terrors. Had I not let you out, you would have broken a bone in the process. You're not in trouble for breaking out of your crate. I needed you."

Hannibal sits there, staring dumbly at his crate. He's never been needed before. It feels…nice to be needed in a way that is not strictly primal. Will tugs very gently on hair, catching his attention.

"You were a very good alpha to me."

Will's soft praise makes Hannibal feel dizzy, pleasantly so. Will pets him so gently, whispering soft praise still. It stirs in his belly, that good feeling, and it rises to his chest, comes out in the form of a purr. He can't stop it. It's loud and it only grows when Will nuzzles him.

"That's it. That's my good alpha."

Hannibal is disgusted by how good he feels right now. He leans into Will's touch. Will pets and scratches him until he determines it's time to get up and moving. Starting with breakfast. Hannibal jumps at the chance to make Will something, as a token for the kindness he's given him despite his poor behavior the past few days. Will allows him to do so while he goes to get dress and find something Hannibal can go out in.

Hannibal's favorite task had always been cooking. He used to hope a good meal would keep him out of trouble, at least for a moment or two. Will's kitchen is practically empty. Eggs, bacon, and toast it is. He makes a healthy portion for Will. Hannibal can't resist and steals a few pieces of bacon. He brushes crumbs from his chest fur before sitting Will's plate at the table.

Hannibal watches Will eat, watches him lick crumbs from lip. He doesn't eat like a man in a hurry, takes his time to savor the basic breakfast. Hannibal notices a bag Will has brought down. It's caught his attention, because it vaguely smells of another alpha.

"What's this?" he asks, eyeing the bag curiously.

"Clothes for you to put on so we can go shopping."

"But—"

"No buts, Hannibal. Get dressed. We have a long day of shopping."
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Hannibal looks up at Will. He's completely uncomfortable in the clothes he's wearing, but Will says it's all he has that will fit his large frame. It's warm outside, and sun hits the palest parts of his arms and legs. His wearing a tank top, shorts and flip flops. He really, really hates it, and makes sure Will knows this. Will runs his fingers through his hair in a gentle pet.

"That is why we're shopping, Hannibal. To find things you are comfortable in. Come now. Muzzle."

Hannibal's gotten use to the muzzle now. He tilts his face into the soft leather, tilts his head downward so Will can easily buckle it securely. Once it's on, Hannibal hauls himself out of the car. He turns and puts his arms around his back, as he has quite often. Will praises him as he carefully binds his arms together. He adjusts the cheap collar around his neck, as if to make him look presentable. Will clips a leash to his collar, ties the and around his back belt loop. Hannibal walks behind Will as he heads into a clothing store.

Others stare at him as Will flips through different shirts, either unaware or indifferent, but Hannibal is all too aware. Alphas watch him closely as they follow their omegas. Hannibal feels threatened, when he knows there is no threat to be had. He's radiating with uneasiness. Will tugs on his leash, bringing him closer.

"Sh, sh, sh. You're okay," Will murmurs calmly. He stretched up to his toes to nuzzle his leather clad jaw. "You're safe and I'm safe. Focus on me, focus on the clothes I look through. Let's find you something you like."

Will turns back to the rack he had been looking at. He tugs on his leash, pulling him closer. Hannibal noses Will's kneel, scents him, and he's relaxing now as he looks through the shirts. He opts for solid shirts. Will lets him pick out seven shirts before they move on to pants. It's hot, so the omega natural migrates to the shorts, but Hannibal bumps him towards the jeans. He prefers pants, something where he's less exposed. Will find him several pairs of jeans, each one a slightly different shade of blue.

Hannibal's happy with his haul as he stands beside him at the checkout counter beside him. He's calm, on the verge of purring, even. He likes Will enough that he's more comfortable now, a little more pliant and willing to do as he's told. As they walk back to their car, Will grows uneasy. Hannibal's natural reaction was to step in front of Will, but his logical mind kicked his instincts miles away. He isn't in any position to fight bound like he is.

Will tugs Hannibal along a little faster. Hannibal stumbles in the process. They make it to the car when behind them, someone shouts:

"Graham!"

Hannibal watches as Will fumbles to get his key in the lock. "Get in, get in, I will undo you shortly I promise, just—"

All of a sudden, alpha scent crowds him. It's partially overpowered by Will's dread. Between his space being crowded and the obvious distress his ome—his handler was in, he's overwhelmed.

Hannibal growls, deep, vicious, a warning. He drags his face on his shoulder in an attempt to get his muzzle off.

"Jack, back off. You're invading our space," Will says firmly, snapping his fingers and pointing back towards the store.

Jack scoffs. "I'm not one of your alphas to train, Graham."

Will is growing agitated. This alpha—Jack—Will does not like him. Jack takes another step forward. Hannibal's growls louder. "Jack, back off! He's feral. You're cause him distress, which is causing me distress, which is further distressing him, now, back. Off!"

Will steps in front of Hannibal, a snarl set on his face as he stares down the large alpha in front of him. Jack's strong willed, but even he submits to Will's flex of power. He takes several steps back. Will relaxes just a bit, and so does Hannibal.

"Now what do you want?" Will asks as he gets Hannibal into the car. Hannibal is freed from his bonds, his muzzle tossed onto the dash.

Hannibal doesn't allow Will to close the door, instead he turns so he can rest his head on Will's stomach. He's praised and petted, though he knows he doesn't have Will's full attention.

"I've got work for you," Jack says.

Will stiffens, pauses his petting, but he continues after Hannibal just barely nips at him. "I am truly sorry to hear." He doesn't sound sorry at all. "I'm not accepting any new—"

"Well, you are now. You're the top alpha trainer in America. And I need this one trained ASAP," Jack says.

Hannibal vaguely wonders who trained this alpha. He is rude and demanding. How dare he demand things of his handler? Hannibal grips Will's jeans.

"Sh, Hannibal. Behave," Will murmurs to him.

"But, Sir, he's rude…"

"Keep it up, and the muzzle goes back on. Lay your head down and quiet down."

Hannibal lays his head down and huffs. Will's fingers thread through his hair, simply rests on top of his head.

"You can pick up later today," Jack says.

"Jack. I am not taking on another alpha, nor will I be for a while. I don't care what you bought him for, I don't care how much you bought him for, I don't care what you bought him for. I said 'no' and I mean it. You will not demand service from me." He turns to Hannibal. He's angry, light blue eyes hard just like last night. Hannibal shudders. He knows Will isn't angry at him. "Turn. In the car please. I'd like to leave."

Hannibal rights himself in his seat immediately. Will closes the door, walks around the front to get to the drivers side instead of the back.

"I'm not one of your little alpha toys, Will. Your skills won't work on me—"

The door slams shut, hard enough the car rocks. Will starts the car, throws it in reverse and backs out quickly. There's yelling from Jack, because Will almost runs him over. The car lurches them forward when he breaks hard and slams him back into the seat as he launches them forward.

Now it is Hannibal's turn to soothe the omega. He tries the same tactic Will uses with him. He paws gently at Will's thigh, starts to purr softly. Will inhales deeply a few times and he relaxes.

"Good boy, Hannibal. Very good boy." Will sighs softly, touching Hannibal's hand.

Will doesn't say much after that. They quietly go from store to store. Hannibal's got new clothes, new shoes. At the grocery store, Hannibal asks if he could do the grocery shopping, as he enjoys cooking. Will, to his surprise, gives him free reign over the food portion of the shopping, Will trailing behind him with a rather fond smile as Hannibal debates ingredients.

The cart is full by the ends of the trip, Hannibal saying he can make at least twelve different meals out his haul. During the checkout process, Will has Hannibal keep his hands on the cart within his line of vision. A precaution. Hannibal doesn't think too much about it because Will distracts him with a question:

"What meals are you planning on cooking with this?"

Hannibal happily dives into detail. Will let's him go on and on until everything is bagged, paid for, loaded back in the cart and they're ready to go. When they get back too the car,

Hannibal is still going on as he loads the groceries into the trunk. He only stops when he notices Will staring at him with a rather fond smile.

“What?” Hannibal asks.

“Nothing. You’re just being a very, very good alpha. I want to reward you and I’m just thinking of how I should do that.” Will shrugs, still smiling.

Hannibal flushes, quiets back down. The groceries are loaded, and Hannibal slides into the car as Will puts away the cart.

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Hannibal’s relieved to be back in their own home. Their. Hannibal huffs to himself. He gets out of his clothes—he’d rather run naked than with those stupid shorts and tank top on. He folds them and sits them on the coffee table. He can feel Will’s amusement, but the clothes are uncomfortable and so he ignores it. He busies himself putting away groceries. He at least leaves the soft boxers on. Those are comfy.

“Just focus on the cold things for now,” Will says.

Hannibal doesn’t think nothing of it, switches to put the cold things up first instead of as he found things. Hannibal reorganizes the fridge to make everything fit. Will stays in the living room. As he puts things away, he runs his fingers over the appliances, the counters, cabinets. If Will was to give him any space in the house, he wants the kitchen. He’s putting the last item away when thick scent hits him, the smell of an omega’s arousal. It’s got his attention, certainly, but he doesn’t follow it immediately, not until he hears Will call him.

“Come, Hannibal.”

Hannibal circles around the island, goes straight to the living room. There on the bed, propped up, is Will stripped down. Hannibal’s brain short circuits for a moment. Will’s flushed from his ears down to his chest. Between spread legs, his cock is hard and leaking and his hole is dripping slick.

Will motions him closer. “Come on. Come here. I see your nose going.”

Hannibal hesitates at first, but with a little more coaxing he climbs onto the bed and crawls over to settle between Will’s spread leg. Will reaches out and grips Hannibal’s hair, guiding his head down to his slick hole.

“You were such a good boy while we were out, I thought I’d reward you with a little treat. Taste.”

Hannibal doesn’t have to be told twice. Will’s scent is overpowering, makes him dizzy in the best way possible. He drags his tongue over his hole, gathers a thick glob of his slick and swallows. Hannibal moans at the taste of this omega. He presses his tongue inside. His eyes drift close as he savors Will’s sweet taste. Above him, Will groans and cants his hips up towards Hannibal’s mouth.

Hannibal feels his own cock twitch in his boxers. Unconsciously, he ruts against the mattress.

“Oh, you like how I taste?” Will teases lightly, tugging Hannibal’s hair firmly. Hannibal yelps softly as his head is forced up. “Taste good?” Hannibal’s responds by dipping his head back down, but Will yanks him back. “That’s a good sign. The last alpha said I was too bitter.”

Hannibal’s dips slightly in a small frown. Bitter? He licks his lips. He feels Will’s slick thick over his nose, mouth, and chin. There is nothing bitter about him. He leans in, laps up the drop of precome that drips down Will’s hard cock.

Will tugs his hair again. “Ah-Ah. That’s all you get for now. Continue good behavior and you’ll get more.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hannibal's been a good boy, so Will decides to reward him.

"Sit up straight, head tilted up…Just like that. Good boy."

Hannibal is not thrilled about posture training. The posture collar around his neck is uncomfortable, but Will tells him that he might as well get used to it, because this will be his new collar when he has downtime to kneel at his feet. He's earned his muzzle back by snapping at Will when puts the collar on. He's snarling behind his soft leather muzzle. Will can't see it, but Hannibal knows his eyes show it. It's quiet time, as Will had called it, time for reflection of their morning and his actions. Will rests in his chair with his eyes closed, a hand resting on Hannibal's head, nimble fingers intertwined in his soft, tawny hair. It helps Hannibal relax despite the dumb collar he currently wore.

"You seem like a rather refined alpha," Will says. "You are better than the rest of these rude alphas. You'll hold yourself high and proud, because that's what you are, right?"

Hannibal's threatening sounds stop, because that's never been said to him before. It was always You'll never be a good alpha. You'll never be worth the time. It makes Hannibal… want to be better. Hannibal straightens up, willingly raises his head so his collar is no longer pressing into his neck. Will huffs a soft sign of approval.

"Good boy," Will purrs. "Absolutely perfect."

Hannibal beams behind his muzzle, and his pride touches his eyes. He can sit here as long as Will needs him to, straight up, head tilted up because he is better than all the alphas out there. Hannibal doesn't know how long he sits there, all he knows is that Will is looking down at him as if he is the best thing he's ever owned. His perfect posture is rewarded when Will takes off the muzzle and unbinds his arms. The collar is taken off, yet Hannibal continues to hold his posture. Will slowly lowers himself to Hannibal's level. He's very careful with his movement. He leans in to nuzzle Hannibal's neck, scents him and purrs. He darts his tongue out briefly, licking a broad stripe over his throat. His purring grows louder.

Will continues to praise Hannibal each time he noses, licks, and nips at his neck with little complaint. Hannibal wants to scent Will, wants to bury his face in his soft curls. He is sure it will be fine to act on his instincts at this time, seeing as he held no malice. At the moment. He gently grabs Will by his waist, pulls him in so Will is straddling him. The omega gasps softly at the sudden adjustment, but he relaxes and purrs as Hannibal holds him in his lap as he scoots himself to rest his back against the bed. Hannibal wraps his large arms around Will's smaller frame, holds him flush against his body, and he presses his nose into those wild, soft curls. Hannibal smells shampoo and conditioner, the coconut hair mask he uses. Underneath is Will's woodsy scent. He inhales deeply. He strokes his back. He himself is just as content as Will right now.

It's nice to be able to relax and to be able to feel content for the first time in years. He's getting old. If he's honest with himself, he knows he can't keep up with his feral side, not forever. It's like an enormous weight has been taken off his body as Will seemingly melts into him. He's consistently purring, relaxed, bright blue eyes closed as he starts to doze. His breathing slows briefly when he dips into sleep and then picks back up when he jostles himself awake. This omega in his lap has accomplished something that no other omega has managed to do: touch him. For years, he's only known the harsh hand of omega. With Will, it's different. Will's only been heavy handed with Hannibal when he's deserved it, but he sticks to a gentler touch, soft praise, careful movements, never forcing Hannibal to do something he doesn't want to do unless it's something that's necessary.

"You're purring, Hannibal," Will says with the happiest smile on his face.

"I…I feel…I feel comfortable, right now. I like it," Hannibal admits sheepishly. "I feel safe, and I've never felt safe before…sir."

Will shifts in his lap. He sits up. Will's looking down at him with softest look he's seen on the man since he's been under his care. Will cups his face, strokes his cheeks. He leans down to kiss his nose. "Good. That is my goal. You're not truly feral," he says. "It's something you play up to protect yourself."

"I've killed my owners before, Will," Hannibal says, pushing Will back enough to look at him with serious expression.

"Have I not proven that I am capable of handling myself, Hannibal? Need you be reminded?"

Hannibal quickly shook his head. "No, Sir, no."

"Good. Your only concern is to grow comfortable with this intimacy. It is nothing to be afraid of; it is nothing to be ashamed of when you want intimacy."

Hannibal tilts his head up, just enough to brush his lips against Will's. He's rewarded with a chirp and Will pressing closer against him. Hannibal feels intoxicated by Will's scent. The kiss gets heated quick. Before Hannibal can stop the sound, a deep rumble emerges from his chest, something mixed between a purr and growl. Will shudders in his lap. He catches Hannibal's lower lip between his teeth and tugs. Hannibal' slides his hands around to grope Will's plush ass. He can smell the beginnings of Will's arousal. He wants to bury his nose at the source of that perfect, intoxicating smell. So he puts Will on the bed, and in one quick and

smooth motion he gets Will's pants and underwear off before Will could scold him. Will gasps as Hannibal manhandles him into the desired position: knees bent and pressed to his chest. Slick drips from his hole, and Hannibal eagerly dives in. He presses his tongue into Will's wet heat. He moans at the sweet taste of the omega.

"This is not the type of intimacy I meant," Will says with a laugh that was muddled by a moan.

Hannibal withdraws his tongue briefly. He presses his nose just underneath Will's balls, inhales deeply. "Should I have asked instead? I may have misunderstood—"

Will reaches down and runs his fingers through his silvering hair before he tugs harshly. "Shut up and eat me out," he orders, and it's an order Hannibal has no problem obeying.

Hannibal can do this for hours if he were allowed. He enjoys the taste of this omega. His slick is sweet and addictive. He closes his eyes and savors the taste, the feel of Will's tight heat surrounding his eager tongue as he laps his way as deep as he can. Above him, Will is shaking. He doesn't know how long he's been there, eagerly clearing away pools of slick. He sits up slowly. Will rolls onto his stomach, spreads himself back open. When Hannibal doesn't immediately dive back in as quick as he'd like, he snaps his fingers an demands Hannibal to but his tongue back in his hole.

Hannibal swats Will's hands away. He spreads the omega's plush asscheeks apart, squeezing and massages them as he settles back down. He's lazy with it now, giving long, slow licks over Will's red rim. He slowly presses his tongue back inside, and Will moans. He shifts underneath Hannibal, just enough to be able to press himself back on his tongue. He rocks, fucking himself at his own pace.

"Fucking Christ, your tongue feels good, Hannibal," Will moans, fingers curling into the comforter. "Can feel you licking up all my slick. Not gonna waste it, are you?" Hannibal hums his response, tries to press deeper into Will's wet hole as he pushes back into his face. "Oh, good boy, that's it. Fuck me with your tongue."

Hannibal groans. He was already half hard just from eating Will out, but his words goes in one ear and heads straight down to his cock. He feels himself leak onto the mattress. The scent of his own arousal mixes with Will's, and the combination has got him panting. His fingers dig into Will's soft flesh. He's not sure if it's mostly slick or his saliva dripping down his chin. He doesn't particularly care. Will is eagerly pushing back on his tongue, praising him over and over again. He reaches back, twisting his body awkwardly in order to grip Hannibal's hair and hold his head in place. Hannibal moves with him. He pulls away briefly to run his fingers through the mess, collecting Will's slick and bringing his hand around to wrap firmly around Will's cock. He strokes him as he works his tongue in and out of Will.

Will's hole begins to clench and relax around his tongue. Hannibal makes that low sound that had Will shivering earlier, that low purr combined with a growl. Will comes almost instantly. Hannibal cups his hand over the head, catches all of Will's release. He milks out every last little drop before he releases Will's softening cock. Hannibal sits up, licks his hand clean of the omega's seed. It's bitter, but he doesn't entirely hate it. Will rolls over, panting, and watches Hannibal lick his hand clean.

“God, that felt so good. May have to let you do this as a reward more often.” Hannibal perks up; Will chuckles. “Now, let’s take care of that impressive cock of yours. I know you know this command. Present. Show me that pretty cock of yours.”

Had it not been Will, Hannibal would have hesitated a bit before showing himself off. He shifts straight to his knees, spreads his legs enough so that Will had easy access to his cock, if he so wished. Hannibal leans back and props himself up. He’s cock is leaking heavily. He likes Will, and so he feels an unusual amount of embarrassment from the amount of pre he produces. Will comments on it. Hannibal chooses to ignore it. Instead he focuses on the way Will eyes his cock as if it were God’s greatest gift.

“Tell me, Hannibal. How many omegas have you bred in your lifetime?” Will asks.

It’s slightly off putting, well. It’s a lot off putting, and Hannibal has to really think. How long has he been used as a stud? Is there ever really a beginning worth remembering. Hannibal shrugs because it is the truth: he doesn’t know. Dozens. For all he knows there are umpteen pups running around with his DNA and he’d never know a single one of them. His thoughts go out the window when Will settles between his legs and wraps his strong hand around his cock. His touch is feather light as he strokes, pumping lazily as he waits for an answer Hannibal doesn’t care to give.

“Answer me, kitten, or I’ll take my hand away.”

Hannibal doesn’t want that, doesn’t want the gentle hand to let go. He wants Will’s full attention on him, touching him, even if the touch was too light, too much of a tease to gain any real pleasure. “I—I don’t know,” he says truthfully. “I lost count in my earlier years.”

“You’ve got good genes.” Will tightens his hand. Hannibal jerks instinctively into his hand.

Hannibal apologizes for moving. He bites lower lip. His hair has fallen into his face. He tosses his head to get his hair out of his face before he speaks again. “Do you intend to use me for breeding like all the omegas before you?”

Will inhales sharply, briefly picks up the speed of his stroking. His thumb brushes over the head on each upward stroke. The alpha’s eyes roll back. He wants to rut into Will’s hand, but he was never given specific instructions say that he could. He also never received instructions saying that he couldn’t either. He allows himself to indulge, and bucks his hips up, fucking into Will’s hand until he’s back to stroking his shaft mostly.

“No, I don’t intend on using you for breeding. I want you to do that all by yourself.” Will leans in to nuzzle Hannibal’s neck, deciding to have mercy on the alpha. He strokes Hannibal with the sole purpose of making him come. “You’ve been a good boy for me. I want you to fuck into my hand. Make yourself come for me.”

Hannibal obeys immediately. He shifts so he can easily fuck into Will’s warm, wet hand. His thrusts are fast and hard. He closes his eyes and focuses on the heat building in his stomach. He’s drowning in praise as his knot swells. Hannibal holds back the growl building his chest, bares his teeth and snarls instead. He lets his head fall back, large hands gripping the sheets.

Between the pleasure and Will's praise, he feels like he's on fire, like at any given moment he would ignite.

"Siir!" he groans as his orgasm hits. He opens his eyes, but everything is so out of focus. He barely registers that he's shaking.

Never has he had an orgasm hit him so hard; never has he ever been brought to a true orgasm, one that makes him feel so boneless, one that makes him feel like he's no longer in his body. Hannibal feels so overwhelmed in the best way possible. He can't help it. Hannibal sobs. It's as if a great weight has been lifted off his shoulders, something he's never noticed until that moment when he goes limp, collapsing into Will's waiting arms. Will is warm around him, scent inviting, calming. He feels like what Hannibal thinks a weighted blanket would feel like. He's brought completely into his handler's lap. Will strokes his back as he sobs into his neck, arms wrapped tight around the small but strong frame.

Once Hannibal calms down, sobs quieting down to little hiccups, Will gently sits him up and uses his thumbs to wipe away his tears. He shushes him softly, smiles at him.

"You did so good for me, Hannibal. Oh, you look so pretty like this."

Hannibal sniffles and a blush creeps up his already heated skin. It's a compliment that went straight to his spent cock. He groans and leans into Will's hand. He thanks him softly. Will boops his nose before pushing him so he's laying flat on the bed. Will leans down and licks up the mess of Hannibal's cum off his skin. He purrs softly, blue eyes fluttering close. Hannibal stifles a moan when Will suckles lightly on the head, tip of his tongue pressing into the slit.

It feels too good, and it's not long before he's hard and panting again. Will's starting to work him further and further into his mouth, until his nose is buried in his pubic hair. Hannibal is shaking with effort as he resists the urge to grab Will by his hair and simply fuck down his throat. Will is in control, and he could do nothing about it. He's already learned that Will can easily put him in his place. Will is purring around Hannibal's throbbing, leaking cock. Fuck, never has an omega attempted to fit his entire cock in their mouth. Will cups Hannibal's balls, massages them gently as he lazily bobs his head along the massive cock in his mouth.

When Will pulls off, there's a thin string of saliva that connects from the tip of Hannibal's cock to his lower lip. Will breaks it with his tongue when he licks his lips.

"I'm gonna tie you down and milk you, Hannibal."

Hannibal's breath catches in his throat and he stiffens, but Will's smile is so gentle, his eyes looking up at him with no hint of malice. It sent a shiver of excitement down his spine.

"Please," he finds himself murmuring.

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Hannibal feels so…free. There are no thoughts in his head. He's just spent blob on the bed. He looks up at Will, dark eyes glassed over. The only thing clear in his vision is Will; he feels

something unknown swirl around his heart, something he is unfamiliar with. Will had been so in tune to him during their session. It left Hannibal feeling boneless and vulnerable. He'd have to come back to this feeling later when he was able to think clearly. Will's scent heavy around him, the taste of slick still on his tongue.

Will chuckles as he unties Hannibal. He stretches out once he's free. His stomach and chest are coated in his cum, and he starts to feel disgusting once he fully comes back to himself as his post orgasmic high wears off.

"Can I have a shower?" Hannibal asks, slowly pushing himself up into a sitting position. Will is sitting criss cross between his legs as he looks over the mess drying in Hannibal's body hair with a smile.

"With me or alone?"

Hannibal tilts his head. "Alone, please. I have things to think about."

Will nods towards the bathroom. "Once you have your legs, you're free to use the shower. Get yourself cleaned up and your thoughts handled. Take as long as you like." He rocks forward to nuzzle under his chin, scents him before he slides off the bed. He redresses and muses Hannibal's hair before he walks to the kitchen.

Hannibal watches him for a moment, and he can't help the smile that forms. Yes, he thinks. I like it here.

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